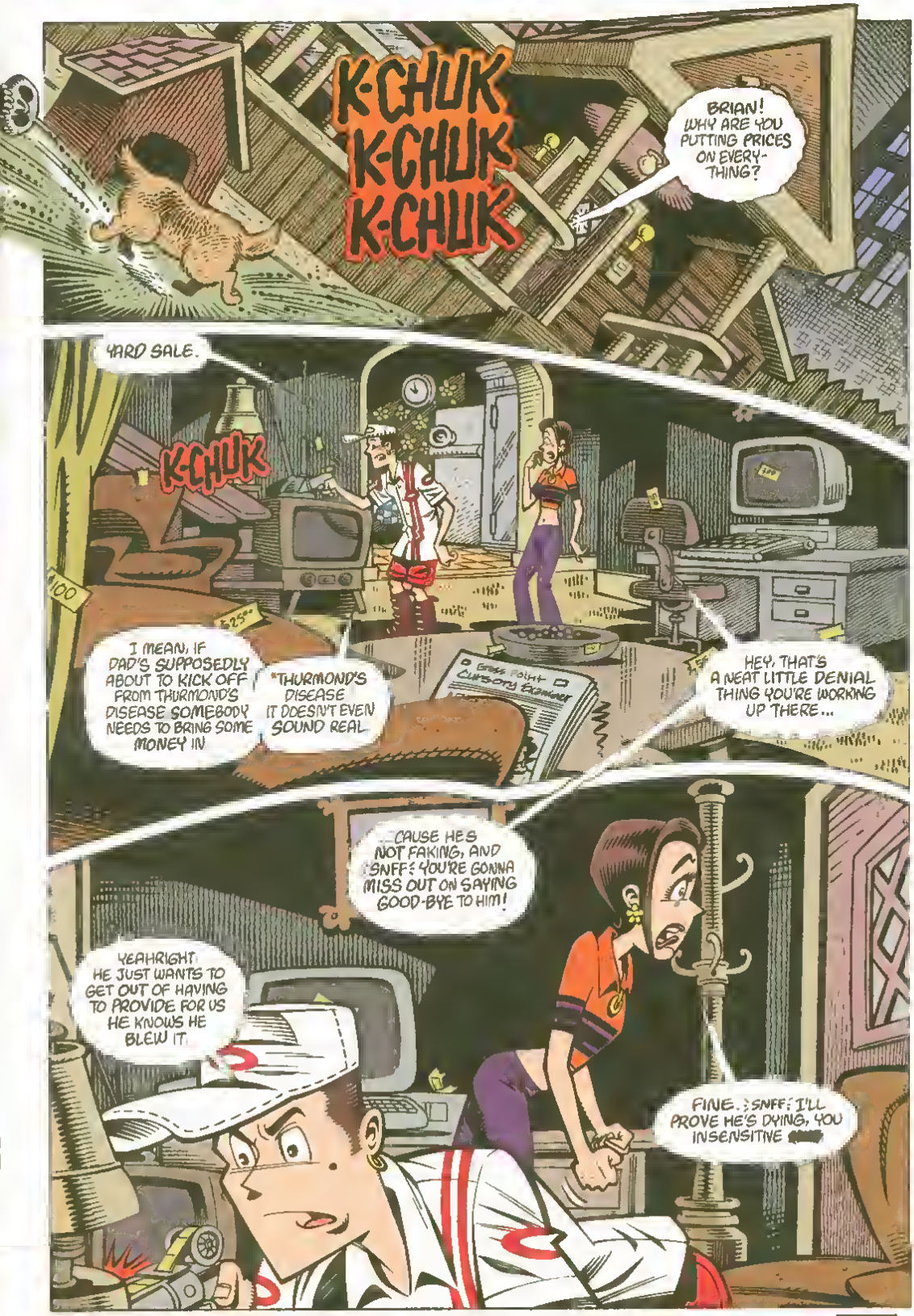

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#12
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
JUN 96
Gross Point
SOFT DRINKS 50¢
DIRECT SALES
0 12111 >
7 61941 21100 8



GROSS POINT 12 June, 1998 Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019 POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GROSS POINT, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $30.00. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1998 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact Henry Watkins, National Sales Director (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper.
Printed in Canada

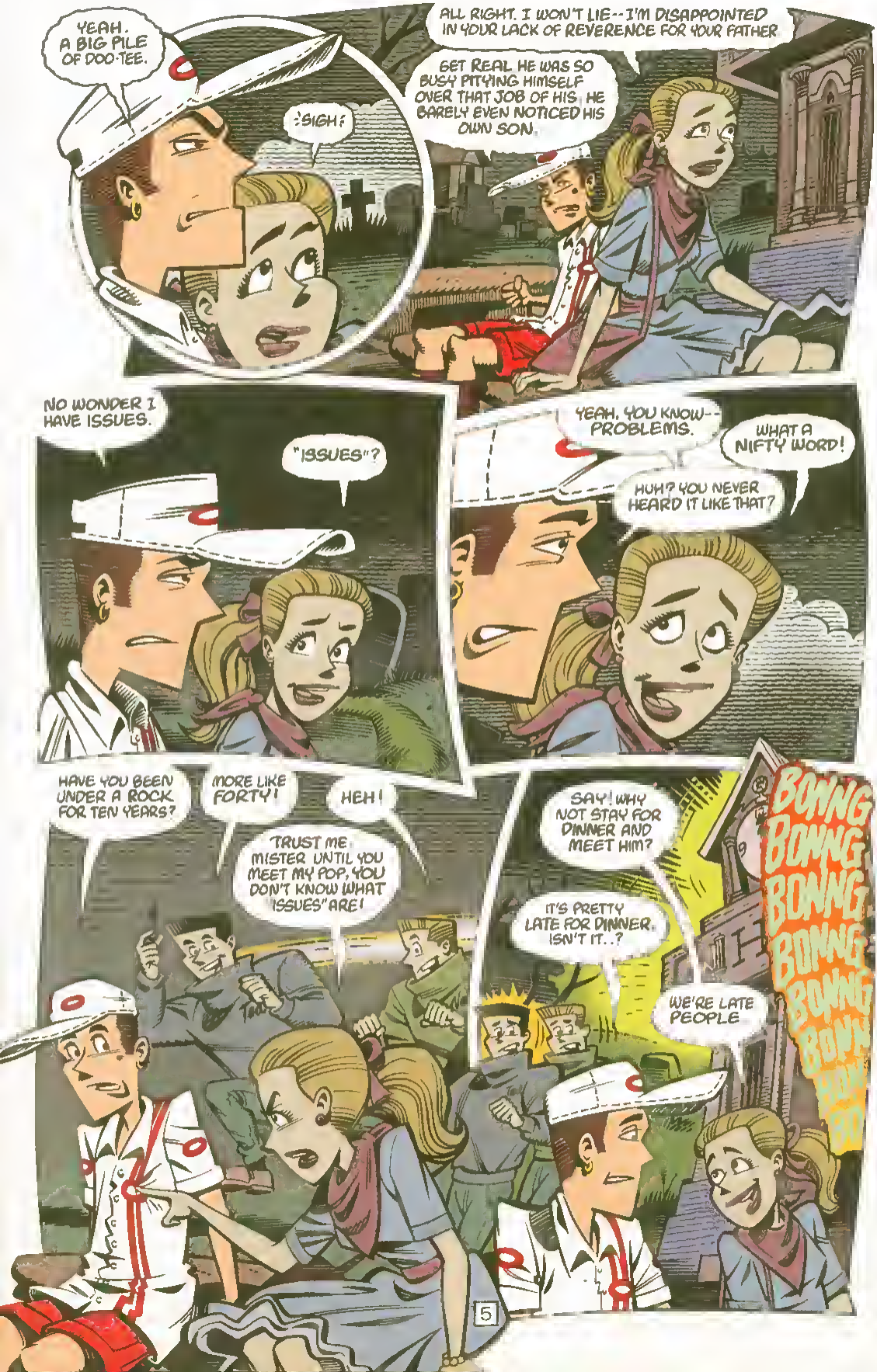
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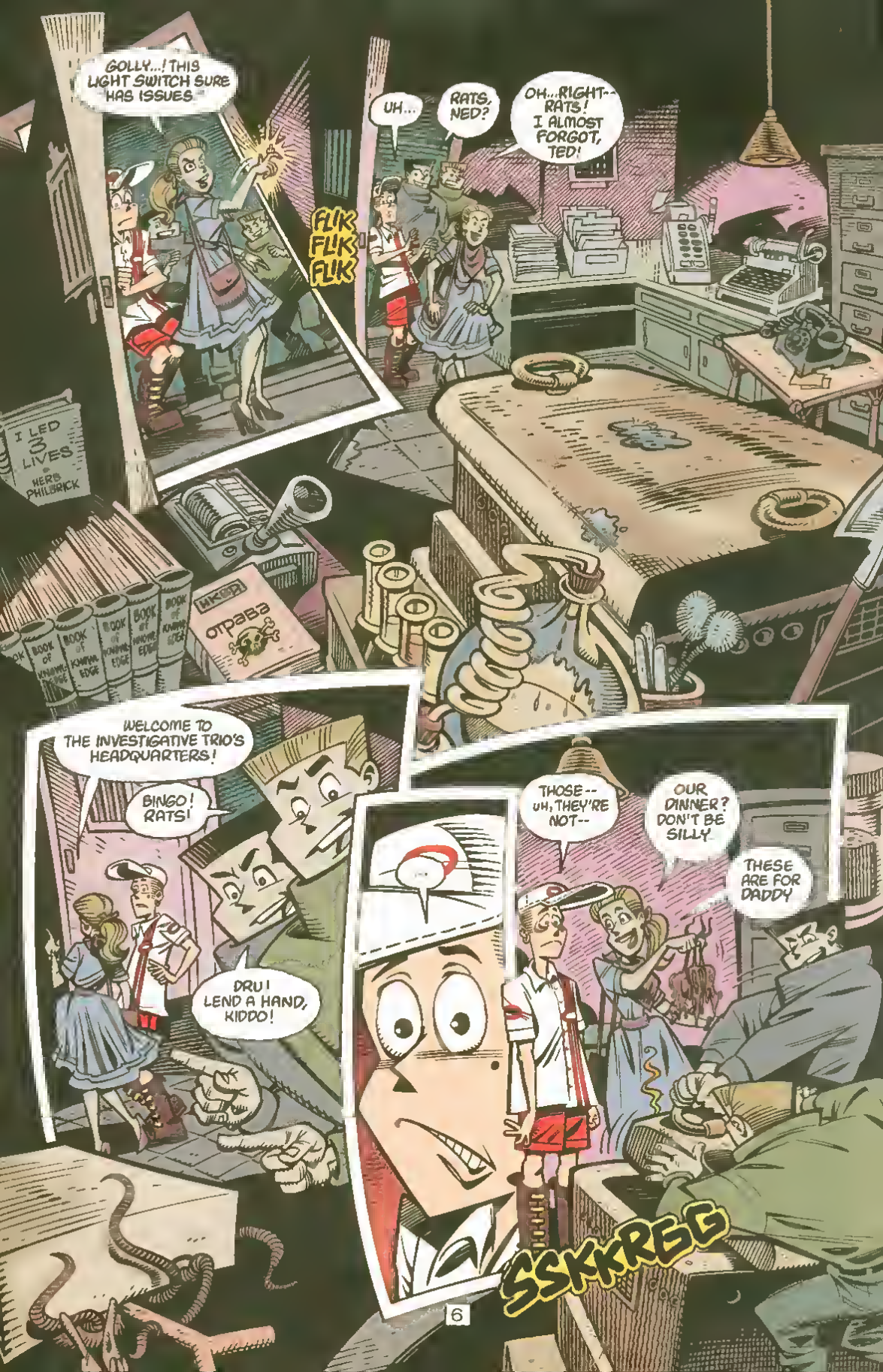
75 YEARS


WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE CEMETERY.
YIEY!
DRU! HOW DID YOU GET IN MY ROOM?
WELL, DARLING... I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU .IM--
--I'M A--
--CONTORTIONIST.
OH.
SORRY I WAS LATE, MY DAD'S DYING.
GOLLY. YOU MUST FEEL AWFUL.
YEAH, YOU'D THINK..!
I CAN FEEL MYSELF SLIPPING, CHARMAINE ..


...I COULD GO AT ANY SECOND :SHLURP:
WELL, BEFORE YOU DO, HOWARD, I NEED TO KNOW WHERE THE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY IS
THURMOND'S DISEASE-- LET'S SEE...
THE BIG BOOK OF TERMINAL ILLNESSES
I ALMOST HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TELL YOU... I'M JUST :GASP: ONE MORE MILKSHAKE FROM CLARITY.
"...CONVULSIONS, SWOLLEN TONGUE, ANEURYSMS"...IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE DAD HAS ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS..!
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TERRI GOT HER REFERENCE BOOK FROM, YOU MISSED GP #6! GO HAND-STITCH YOUR SPINE! --MARTY
MOM?
NOT NOW, TERRI. CHECK YOUR FATHER'S TEMPERATURE.
42 DEGREES?
TERRI? DON'T BE SO SAD, HONEY--I CAN BARELY FEEL ANY PAIN...
...AND YOUR MOTHER WAITS ON ME HAND AND FOOT. DYING ISN'T SO BAD!
THEN SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.


IF HE DIES, WE'LL BE POOR. AND IF HE LIVES, WE'LL BE DESTITUTE
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL FOR HIM?
DUTY.
EXACTLY I FEEL DOODY FOR HIM
DUTY IS WHAT YOU OWE YOUR FATHER.
RIGHT. I OWE HIM DOODY.
NO, DARLING--
I DON'T OWE HIM DOODY? SAME THING!
NO. DUTY. DOO-TEE.
SIX SECONDS! GOOD THING I USED TO ROLLER SKATE!
NOW I'LL DO YOU!
HEALING THE INNER VICTIM
MATT WAYNE WRITER
JOE STATON PENCILER
ROGER LANGRIDGE INKER
CLEM ROBINS LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST
MARILYN PASKA EDITOR
JOE STATON & ROGER LANGRIDGE COVER ARTISTS


YEAH. A BIG PILE OF DOO-TEE.
:SIGH:
ALL RIGHT. I WON'T LIE--I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR LACK OF REVERENCE FOR YOUR FATHER
GET REAL. HE WAS SO BUSY PITYING HIMSELF OVER THAT JOB OF HIS, HE BARELY EVEN NOTICED HIS OWN SON.
NO WONDER I HAVE ISSUES.
"ISSUES"?
YEAH. YOU KNOW--PROBLEMS.
WHAT A NIFTY WORD!
HUH? YOU NEVER HEARD IT LIKE THAT?
HAVE YOU BEEN UNDER A ROCK FOR TEN YEARS?
MORE LIKE FORTY!
HEH!
TRUST ME, MISTER. UNTIL YOU MEET MY POP, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT "ISSUES" ARE!
SAY! WHY NOT STAY FOR DINNER AND MEET HIM?
IT'S PRETTY LATE FOR DINNER, ISN'T IT..?
WE'RE LATE PEOPLE
BONNG BONNG BONNG BONNG BONNG BONN BO

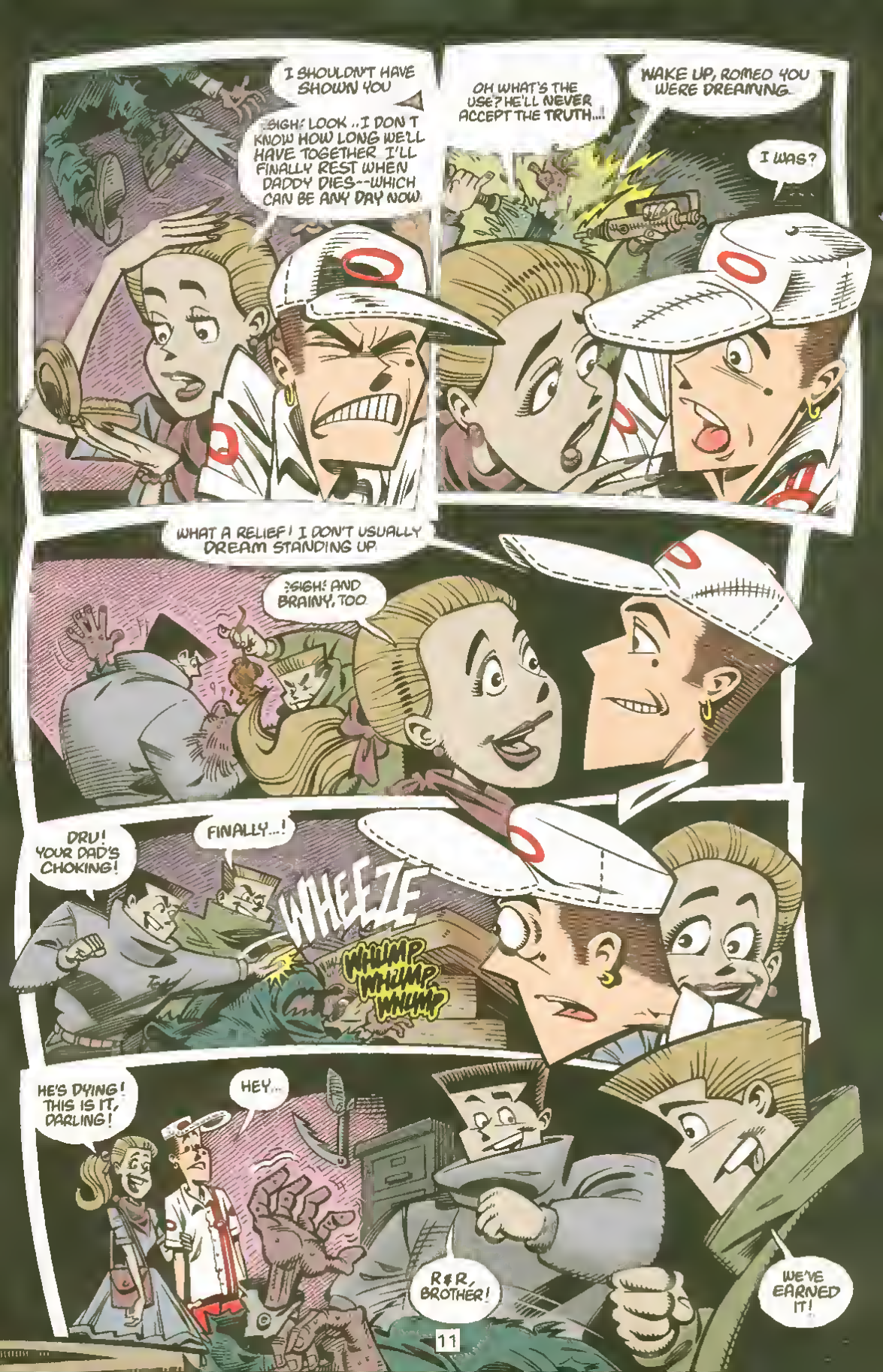

GOLLY...! THIS LIGHT SWITCH SURE HAS ISSUES
FLIK FLIK FLIK
UH...
RATS, NED?
OH...RIGHT-- RATS! I ALMOST FORGOT, TED!
I LED 3 LIVES
HERB PHILBRICK
BOOK OF KNOWING EDGE
WELCOME TO THE INVESTIGATIVE TRIO'S HEADQUARTERS!
BINGO! RATS!
DRU! LEND A HAND, KIDDO!
THOSE-- UH, THEY'RE NOT--
OUR DINNER? DON'T BE SILLY
THESE ARE FOR DADDY
SSKKRGG


HUH? Y-YOUR FATHER'S IN THERE?
CHOW TIME, GHOUL!
PHEW! I NEVER GET OVER THAT SMELL...
DADDY, THIS IS MY BOYFRIEND TELL HIM WHAT YOU DID
NOT SO FAST, OLD-TIMER!
NO EATING TILL YOU SPILL IT!
DRU, IS YOUR--UH, DAD-- ALIVE?
I'M NOT DEAD, THEY ARE!
OOOPS! GUESS THE RAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, HUH?
I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU, WE'RE ...SORT OF... WELL... GHOSTS, DARLING.
PLEASE... JUST ONE RAT...?
...
TELL HIM, DADDY.
ONCE, I HAD EVERYTHING...?
WHONG
LOUDER!


"ONCE I HAD EVERY-THING. CRIMINALS FEARED ME. THE OTHER DETECTIVES RESPECTED ME. MY NAME WAS IN THE PAPERS.
"BUT MY DAUGHTER...!
"MY DAUGHTER AND HER IDIOT FRIENDS THOUGHT THEY WAS CRIMINOLOGISTS.
"ALWAYS HORNIN' IN WHERE THEY DIDN'T BELONG... ALWAYS ASKIN' QUESTIONS."
"NEVER A MOMENT'S PEACE WITH THEM THREE, YOU GET ME?
"I'M NOT PROUD OF WHAT I DID TO 'EM... OR THE WAY I LEFT 'EM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.
"ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, IF YOU WAS IN MY POSITION, YOU'DA DONE THE SAME.
"ANYWAY... I GOT OUT OF TOWN, AND THAT WAS THAT...
"...OR IT WOULDA BEEN, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE LITTLE [redacted]S' GHOSTS!"


ABOUT A YEAR LATER, THEY FOUND ME HIDIN' OUT IN PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY.
THEM VENGEFUL SPOOKS BROUGHT ME HERE, TO MY FATHER'S CRYPT
WHEN MY OLD MAN'S CORPSE WAS GONE, THEY FED ME RATS. THEY BEEN TORTURIN' ME EVERY NIGHT FOR FORTY YEARS
STILL, IT BEATS THAT WHOLE YEAR IN PARAMUS...
BRR!
NOW CAN I HAVE MY DINNER?
YOU KNOW THE RULES. TORTURE FIRST, THEN DINNER. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE DONE THIS?
HEY, BRIAN! WANNA SEE SOME OF THE TORTURE DEVICES DRU'S DAD BROUGHT BACK FROM THE PACIFIC WAR?
14,332.
WHONNNG
OH, BRIAN! I WAS SO WORRIED THAT, NOW THAT YOU KNOW I'M DEAD, YOU'D FEEL DIFFERENTLY ABOUT ME
N-NO IT'S NOT.
. NOT THE. YOU KNOW, THE DECEPTION THAT BOTHERS ME.
IT'S YOUR AGE I'M WORRIED ABOUT.
LET'S SEE, YOU WERE MURDERED 40 YEARS AGO AND YOU WERE 15 THEN, SO YOU'RE... YOU'RE...
WELL, A LOT OLDER THAN 40!


CAN'T YOU FORGIVE A LITTLE WHITE LIE?
AAHHH
GRANDMA!
WHY, BRIAN PICKETT...!
THAT REMINDS ME I SAW YOUR GRANDMOTHER JUST THE OTHER DAY
I NEVER SUSPECTED YOU WERE A BIGOT!
SHE SAYS SHE DIDN'T MIND THE WAY YOU GUYS DISPOSED OF HER BODY, BUT SHE'S MAD AT HOWARD.
WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
I'VE GONE TOO FAR HAVEN'T I? I'VE GIVEN YOU ISSUES..!
TERRI WAS SUPPOSED TO GET HER CAR*
* HANG A OUIJA PLANCHETTE FROM YOUR EAR IF YOU DIDN'T SEE GP #4! --MARTY
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND I'LL PUT ON MY FACE. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, DARLING?


I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOWN YOU
:SIGH: LOOK .. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE'LL HAVE TOGETHER. I'LL FINALLY REST WHEN DADDY DIES--WHICH CAN BE ANY DAY NOW.
OH WHAT'S THE USE? HE'LL NEVER ACCEPT THE TRUTH...!
WAKE UP, ROMEO YOU WERE DREAMING.
I WAS?
WHAT A RELIEF! I DON'T USUALLY DREAM STANDING UP.
:SIGH: AND BRAINY, TOO.
DRU! YOUR DAD'S CHOKING!
FINALLY...!
WHEEZE
WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP
HE'S DYING! THIS IS IT, DARLING!
HEY...
R&R, BROTHER!
WE'VE EARNED IT!


...THAT WAS NO DREAM...
IF YOU LOVE ME, YOU'LL KISS ME GOOD-BYE!
SHLORP
...HELP...M--!
THERE HE GOES!
SKLUTCH


OOPS.
SORRY...!
NO, I'M SORRY! :GAG: THAT'S ALL I CAN--
SPHUTT
THANK YOU, BRIAN PICKETT! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!
KAWHAM
LOOK... OUT...


NNNGH...
DRU?
DRUSILLA
MERLE HARDLY
1942-1958
Had Issues With
Her Father


ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! WHERE'S THE INVESTIGATIVE TRIO?
HOW'S DAD?
I DON'T THINK HE'S SICK ANYMORE--JUST SUGGESTIBLE.
WHEREVER THEY ARE, I HOPE IT'S A BETTER PLACE.
WELL, OF COURSE IT WOULD BE.
I THINK HE MAY HAVE BEEN MISDIAGNOSED OR HE'S FAKING.
EITHER WAY, I'M GONNA GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS
WELL, HE MAY BE, UH...LIMITED, SURE, BUT HE TRIES TO BE A GOOD DAD.
BELIEVE ME, TER, HE COULD BE A LOT WORSE.
HUNH? ARE YOU SICK, TOO?
TERRI, THERE'S KIDS HERE IN GROSS POINT WITH PARENTS WHO DO HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING THINGS...
THERE YOU ARE, BRIAN!
YOUR FATHER NEEDS HIS BEDPAN EMPTIED!
...AND I'D TRADE PLACES WITH ANY OF THEM.
UH-HUH...
15
NEXT: MUMMY DEAREST
PLUS: THE MYSTERY OF THURMOND'S DISEASE--SOLVED!

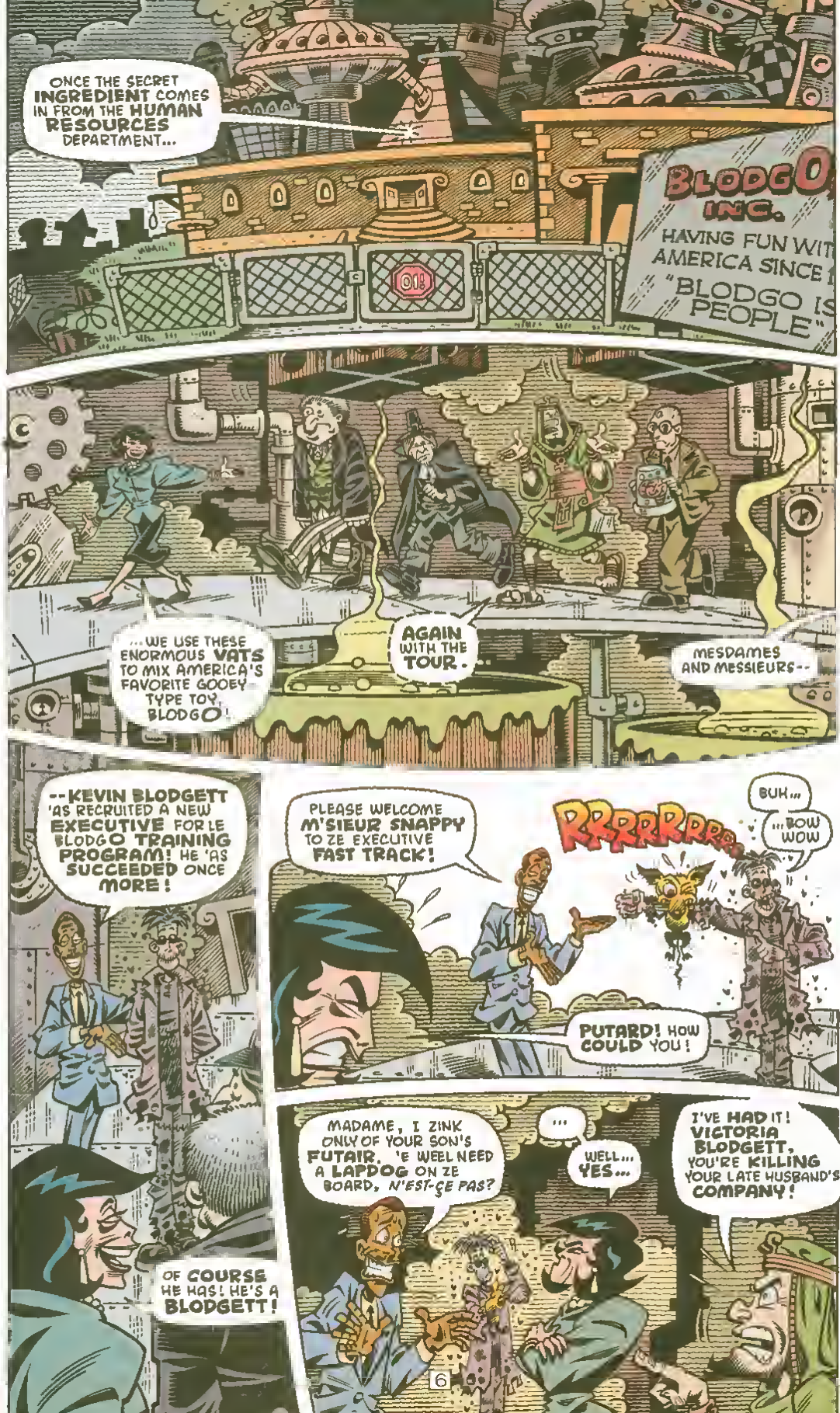

AS BLODGO'S PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., I APPOINT MY ONLY SON, KEVIN BLODGETT --
--THE NEW DIRECTOR OF OUR EXECUTIVE RECRUITING INITIATIVE. WHAT SAY YOU?
fnuh...
ER... HARRUMPH! HEAR! HEAR!
S-SPLENDID!
EGAD! THAT DEAD... THING WILL BANKRUPT US IF SHE EVER GIVES HIM ANY REAL AUTHORITY...!
SHH!
HAVING FUN WITH AMERICA SINCE 1948
"BLODGO IS PEOPLE"
NEARER MY DOG TO THEE
MATT WAYNE • WRITER
ROGER LANGRIDGE • ARTIST & LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN • COLORIST
MARTIN PASKO • EDITOR
MY SON AND HIS VALET-- MONSIEUR PUTARD -- WILL STEAL EXECUTIVES FROM OTHER COMPANIES!
NOW GIVE THE BLODGO CORPORATE HEADHUNTERS A BIG HAND!
HAND.
HA. HA.
ZERE EES NO TAM FOR YOUR RAPIER-SHARP WEET, M'SIEUR KEVIN--


"--ZERE EES MUCH WORK TO BE DONE!"
WE WEEL ABSCON' WITH SOMEONE FROM YOUR MOZZAIR'S RIVAL -- SEPTUM INTERNATIONALE!
'AND ME ZE BINOCULAIRRS, M'SIEUR!
SEPTUM INTERNATIONAL
SEPTUM INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
"MAKING AMERICA TAKE ITS MEDICINE Since 1980"
NOM DU NOM...!
THOKE!
AH! ZEES ONE WEEL NOT BE VAIR' EASY TO CAPTURE, N'EST-ÇE PAS?
MONSIEUR KEVIN?
MONSIEUR!!
SNAP
MAIS NON!
NAB


MONSIEUR! EVEN I CANNOT REPAIR AIVRY-ZING!
YOU MUST 'ANDLE YOUR BODEE WITH CARE!
GLUCK
EEF YOUR MOZZAIR SAW ZIS MESS, EET WOULD BE FINIS FOR GASTON PUTARD! QUEL UNEMPLOYMENT!
BUH.
BUH-BYE...
GRRRRRR
SHOO, BEAST! I 'AVE NO TAM FOR YOU!
GRRRRRRR
REALLY, M'SIEUR KEVIN, YOU ARE MORE THRAID ZAN FLESH!
DOG-EEE.


GRR!
ALORS!
HA.
RETURN TO ME, YOU MON-GRELL!
FUFF...
...FETCH.
PUNT
HEY!
ALL RIGHT, WISEGUY--
OOPS
--YOU JUST DROP THAT UGLY BOWLING BALL AND COME WITH ME.


MON DIEU! AN HOUAIR-LONG LECTURE...!
BUT WHAT A CORPORAITE SPY I AM... ZE SILLY RENT-A-PEEG NEVAIR KNEW WHO I REPRESENT!
MADAME VICTORIA WILL--
VEY EST-MOI!
M'SIEUR KEVIN! WHERE 'AS YOUR 'EAD GONE?
ZE PAIN OF NOT STEALING AN EXECUTIVE EES NOT'ING--
-- COMPARED TO MY DEATH FROM LOSING MADAME'S SON!
GRRRRRRRRR
M'SIEUR!
GRRRRRR
KEEP... HIM?
I ZINK NOT...
GRRRR!
ENOUGH, M'SIEUR LE DOG! I PROPOSE A DEAL!
KLAMP
DOG-GIE-


ONCE THE SECRET INGREDIENT COMES IN FROM THE HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT...
BLODGO INC.
HAVING FUN WIT
AMERICA SINCE
"BLODGO IS PEOPLE"
...WE USE THESE ENORMOUS VATS TO MIX AMERICA'S FAVORITE GOOEY TYPE TOY, BLODGO!
AGAIN WITH THE TOUR.
MESDAMES AND MESSIEURS--
--KEVIN BLODGETT 'AS RECRUITED A NEW EXECUTIVE FOR LE BLODGO TRAINING PROGRAM! HE 'AS SUCCEEDED ONCE MORE!
OF COURSE HE HAS! HE'S A BLODGETT!
PLEASE WELCOME M'SIEUR SNAPPY TO ZE EXECUTIVE FAST TRACK!
RRRRRRRRR...
BUH...
...BOW WOW
PUTARD! HOW COULD YOU!
MADAME, I ZINK ONLY OF YOUR SON'S FUTAIR. 'E WEEL NEED A LAPDOG ON ZE BOARD, N'EST-ÇE PAS?
...
WELL... YES...
I'VE HAD IT! VICTORIA BLODGETT, YOU'RE KILLING YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S COMPANY!


KEVIN IS DEAD!
THIS IS JUST HIS ROTTING CORPSE! YOU GOT SOME... MOUNTEBANK TO MAKE A MINDLESS ZOMBIE FOR YOU TO PLAY MOMMY WITH!
HAVE YOU ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY?
GRRRRR
:gulp:
TELL MY WIFE I LOVED HER..
TO FILL THE RECENT VACANCY, JOIN ME IN WELCOMING OUR NEWEST BOARD MEMBER--
-- A TENACIOUS GO-GETTER FROM OUR EXECUTIVE FAST TRACK--
--MY SON'S PROTÉGÉ, MR. SNAPPY!
W-WELCOME.
WELCOME, MR. S-SNAPPY.
GRRRRRRRR
END

Gross Points: Scary Suggestions, and Rude Remarks

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DEAR RESIDENTS OF GROSS POINT:

TONIGHT I READ PART OF ANNE RICE'S "SERVANT OF THE BONES" AND WATCHED TWO SCARY MOVIES, "THE FOG" AND "INCUBUS." YOU KNOW WHAT? THEY WEREN'T CREEPY ENOUGH. I NEEDED SOMETHING TO SATISFY MY CREEP HUNGER. AHHH..... FOUND IT: GROSS POINT #8!

NED, TED, AND DRU, THE INVESTIGATIVE TRIO, WERE WEIRD, AND...WHEN THEY GOT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, I WAS GETTING GOOSEBUMPS. SEEING THOSE LUNATICS WHO WERE WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF EXTRATERRESTRIALS REMINDED ME OF THAT '60S MOVEMENT WHERE PEOPLE WOULD GO OUT TO THE DESERT AND HOPE THAT THEY WOULD BE ENLIGHTENED BY A HIGHER (LIFE-FORM). THERE ARE PLENTY OF NUTS LIKE THAT IN THE WORLD AND NOT ONLY IN GROSS POINT. ANOTHER FUNNY ISSUE, AT WHICH I LAUGHED SO HARD, I SPLIT MY PANTS. I WILL BE SENDING YOU THE REPAIR BILL.

PAUL DALE ROBERTS,
SACRAMENTO, CA

IF YOU LIKED THE DEBUT OF DRU HARDLY AND HER FRIENDS IN GP #8, YOU PROBABLY WENT NUTS OVER THIS ISSUE. OUR SEAMSTRESS IS STANDING BY.

DEAR GROSS POINT,
GROSS POINT IS FANTASTIC! I COLLECT A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT TITLES, AND IT IS ALWAYS A RELIEF TO PICK UP AN ISSUE OF GP FOR SOMETHING TOTALLY DIFFERENT. BUT UNFORTUNATELY I DO HAVE A NEGATIVE COMMENT: THIS IS RELATIVELY MINOR, BUT A BIT MORE HUMOR IN THE WRITING WOULD BE GOOD. A FEW MORE JOKES TO MAKE THE READERS CHUCKLE.

ANYWAY, KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK, I HOPE ONE DAY I'LL BE ABLE TO PICK UP ISSUE 100!

NICK BOAG
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

WE'RE A BIT MYSTIFIED BY YOUR REQUEST FOR MORE GAGS. EVEN NOW, WRITER MATT WAYNE IS CHAINED TO HIS DESK IN OUR BASEMENT, MAKING SURE HE FOLLOWS OUR STRICT RULE OF A MINIMUM OF THREE JOKES PER PAGE. 'CAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, WE MAKE HIM FIX PAUL DALE ROBERTS'S PANTS.

DEAR GROSS POINDEXTERS,
ISSUE #8 WAS PHENOMENAL. I'M RIGHTEOUSLY AMAZED BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND THE BONE-CHILLING COLOR. I'M HIP TO THE CRAZY YELLOW WASHOUT THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHTHOUSE CREATES. SINCE ISSUE #1, GP HAS BEEN THE MOST VISUALLY PLEASING COMIC BOOK I ADD TO MY COLLECTION! HOW, I ASK, DO YOU COME UP WITH ALL THOSE WACKY PERSPECTIVES?

KEVIN STERLING
ABINSDON, MD

WHILE DRAWING, OUR ARTISTS' HEADS ARE USUALLY COVERED BY PAUL DALE ROBERTS'S PANTS.

HEY, ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE. TIME FOR THAT BOX...

NEXT MONTH:



A LOVELY LITTLE BOOK-LENGTHER ABOUT A BOY AND HIS MUMMY, THE NOTORIOUS AHMEN-DA-TRUNKH. BE HERE FOR "EGYPTIAN FITS," WHICH HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY MATT WAYNE, DRAWN BY ROGER LANGRIDGE, AND CONTAINS NO REFERENCES WHATSOEVER TO PAUL DALE ROBERTS'S PANTS! THE SARCOPHAGUS OPENS IN COMIC BOOK SHOPS DURING THE LAST WEEK IN MAY AND A WEEK OR TWO LATER EVERYWHERE ELSE! TUT-TUT!

Gross Point is a fictitious town, not to be confused with that differently-spelled one in Michigan. The magazine GROSS POINT is a work of satire. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No resemblance to an actual person, living or dead, is intended or implied, or should be inferred. Any similarity to same without satiric purpose is coincidental.

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